

RUMORS OF OFFICIAL GRAFT ON THE ALAMEDA

Has there been a graft on the Alameda?

That is the question that is interesting waterfront men and others just now in view of rumors of all kinds of trouble on the favorite liner. Yesterday and for several days past there was much gossip around town on the subject and it was currently reported that there would be a wholesale sweep of the petty officers of the vessel. None of the rumors involved the navigating officers or any of the higher officers of the steamer. Inquiry at the local office of the Oceanic Steamship Company elicited little information. It was calmly stated that no hint of any trouble had reached the local office. Such matters were generally attended to by the head office in San Francisco and the local office would not be likely to be notified. At any rate nothing had been heard. Officers frequently retired, several had gone into business or professional life here and at least

one was to retire soon, but as far as known there was no trouble.

The rumors that have been going the rounds are various. One states that passengers have been carried for whom the company received no passage money. It was stated that people had virtually stowed away and had been shielded by employees on the ship and the purser and other officers hoodwinked. Another rumor was to the effect that merchandise had been brought down by members of the ship's company on which no freight was paid, the local merchants losing considerable trade through the purchase of these goods in San Francisco. One merchant stated last night that he did not understand that this was the case, however. He thought that freight was paid, some of the members of the ship's company merely accommodating friends in Honolulu by making purchases in San Francisco something that they could legitimately do.

The Advertiser does not feel at liberty to publish various rather specific charges affecting individuals.

CITIZENS SIGNED BOTH PETITION AND PROTEST

A case where a dozen residents of a district signed a petition of a prospective saloonkeeper for the establishment of a saloon and also attached their names to a protest to the treasurer to prevent a license being issued, is a novelty which came to the attention yesterday of Attorney Breckons, Marshal Hendry and J. R. Galt, sitting as a board of arbitration.

The new law on the territory's statute books gives the privilege to the residents of a district of protesting against the issuance of a proposed license. If a majority signs the protest, the treasurer is to take cognizance of the fact. The law also empowers the organiza-

tion of a tribunal to arbitrate and the decision of this body is final.

When the two cases came up before the Board the signed statements were presented and there were representatives of the license applicants present. The applicants reside in Hawaii. In one district for which a license is asked there are 107 citizens and of these 57 had signed the protest. When the petition was taken up it was found that a whole dozen of the names of signers of the protest were also on the petition. That practically nullified the protest, viewed in one way.

An investigation will be made in the district where the petition for the license originated to determine which document was first signed.

NO OPPOSITION TO NEW HILO FOREST RESERVE

Acting-Governor Atkinson held a hearing on the subject of the proposed Hilo Forest Reserve yesterday afternoon at the office of the Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry. Among those present were President Thurston and Commissioner Holloway, representing the Board, Land Commissioner Pratt, Jared G. Smith, in charge of the Federal Experiment Station, and F. S. Dodge, representing the Bishop estate.

There was no one present who opposed the proposition. Mr. Dodge stated that the Bishop estate was strongly in favor of the proposed reserve and had itself reserved the forests on its property, not only within the proposed reserve, but further down as well.

Land Commissioner Pratt stated that he did not have detailed enough knowledge of the land to be thoroughly satisfied that the line was properly located on the lower side, but as the law now stood it would permit the taking out for homesteading purposes of land included in the proposed reserve on a hearing by the governor. He did not enter any protest against the proposed lines.

The total area of the proposed reserve is 119,000 acres. Of this approximately one-third is government land and the other two-thirds private lands. The government lands, which can now,

under the law, be definitely set apart as forest reservations, are the forest portions of the land of Honoumou and those back of Laupahoehoe plantation, known as the Papanoia forest. These make a total now reserved of 12,771 acres.

The other government lands within the reservation boundaries are yet under lease.

Negotiations will be opened with the lessees to get them to release for forestry purposes the portions of their leases lying within the reserve.

Negotiations will also be taken up with private owners and their co-operation will be sought in making the entire area a forest reserve. The Bishop estate has already intimated that it would co-operate with the government by setting apart all its lands within the area named, for forestry purposes. The forestry law provides that all private owners who shall set apart lands for forestry purposes which may be approved by the Board of Agriculture and Forestry and the governor shall be exempted from taxation so long as they are used for forestry purposes.

At the conclusion of the meeting Governor Atkinson announced that he approved of the boundaries proposed as a whole and that he would set apart all the government lands lying within the reserve which are under the control of the government.

MRS PARKER BUYS SCHMIDT PROPERTY

Mrs. Campbell-Parker has purchased the Schmidt property on Pensacola street, paying in the neighborhood of \$11,000 cash. There was also a mortgage on the place, but the whole indebtedness was taken up. The property is quite extensive and is among the fine pieces along the street. The residence on the premises is quite large and comfortable and standing on an eminence commands a view of the city from Diamond Head to Kakaako.

Pictures of Miss Alice Roosevelt taken during her visit to the Pail and her canoeing rides at Waikiki beach were forwarded yesterday to President Roosevelt.

It is safe to say, also, that enough correspondence on the visit of the Taft party to Honolulu went forward on the Alameda yesterday to flood the country with the name of Hawaii. The pictures that were taken are to appear in Collier's, Harper's, Leslie's and any number of newspapers all over the country. Many articles were for large syndicates of newspapers.

M. S. Dollar states that he will put one of his boats in the trade between Hawaii and the mainland regularly for a time. She will carry Japanese from this and other islands.

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Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers. Price fifty cents per box, or sent by mail on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands. Remember the name Doan's, and take no other.

THE FIERY PIT OF HALEMAUMAU

(By Sol N. Sheridan).

The four horses that pull the stage from Honoapua, on the Kau coast, to Pahala, are so much better than they look that it is really surprising when they spring away at a lively gait over the dreary uplands that lie between the cane fields of Hutchinson and the sea. It is a wonder to me that somebody has not, before now, suggested the planting of the algaroba on that Kau desert—if that waste of lava rock and sand is the Kau desert. It is some desert, anyhow, and the more desolate because of the cane that gleams on the highlands above it, and the blue sea that sparkles in the sunshine lower down.

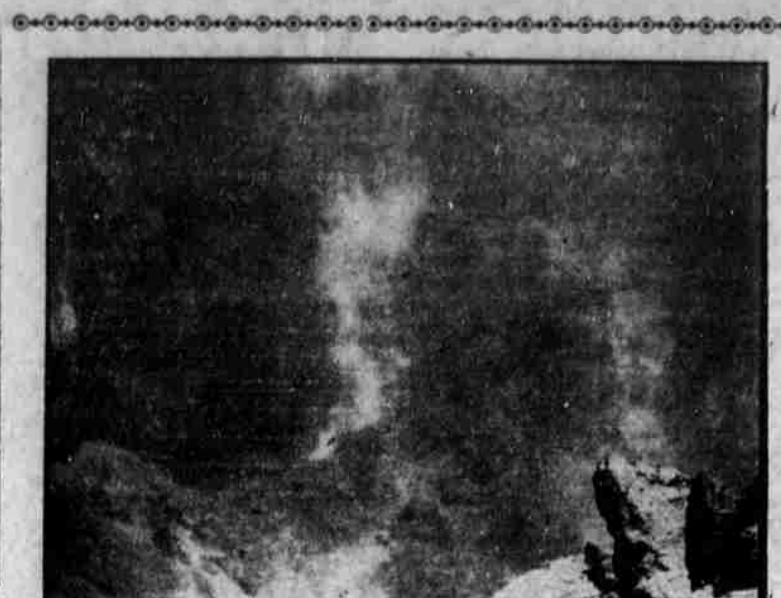
It is a long, steady pull, uphill all the way to Pahala, yet the horses do not seem to tire, and there is the singing of the trade wind in our faces as we go, making the ride very pleasant in the early morning. And, at Pahala, there is a change of horses and a breakfast at the Pake restaurant, ham and eggs and coffee rather better than a white man has any right to expect so close to the coffee country. The one evil thing on the Mauna Loa has been the coffee, which was an offense only to be condoned by the fact that she is the Kona boat—and Kona grows the best coffee in the world.

Have you ever observed that people use beet sugar in Hawaii, and that they do not know what first-class navel oranges are, by taste, in Los Angeles? The principle is the same. And the good coffee at the Pake place in Pahala was therefore the more surprising.

OVER THE UPLANDS.

The new team we found at Pahala was mules, all but one, and she was an old gray mare of the kind that mules delight to honor. And after we had got the new lot we did go galloping over the uplands, climbing and climbing the long slopes of Mauna Loa, the mountain. It is a good road, in the main, although there are one or two places in it that will be the better for rolling, but it is long. All day we wound upward, higher and higher, through a dense forest of lehua trees at last, across and across broad fields of a-a, where the road had been literally blasted out of the rough lava, and down by old flows of the satiny pahoehoe.

The thoughtful steward of the Mauna



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE PIT ON THE LEFT IS THE CONE FROM WHICH THE LAVA SPOUTS.

graphed by amateurs and artists. And it lies there in its majestic grandeur and defies scientists and laymen, amateurs and artists alike. For no human being can describe Kilauea. The sight is an emotion—and emotions do not lend themselves to description. Neither does any picture that I have ever seen do justice to the volcano.

A SEA OF STONE—OR AN ASPHALT PAVEMENT.

I do not know how Kilauea originated. And, if I did know, I would not undertake to tell you. Because the chances are that you would not believe me, if you had seen the crater and had a theory of your own—and if you have never seen it, you could not believe.

As it seemed to me—and it is all in the personal equation—Kilauea is just a great rugged hole in the side of Mauna Loa. It is, maybe, a thousand feet deep in some parts, but of very much less depth than that as to the walls that shut it in on the lower side of the mountain slope. Directly across from the Volcano House, the walls fall away almost to nothing. In one place there is just a gentle slope leading up

to that Pit and not feel that, although it is certainly a great effort for the accomplishment of so little a thing, the fires of Halemaumau were kindled especially for his destruction. Kilauea, it is true, is a very well behaved crater. Nobody has ever been killed there, at least within historic times. But still, but still, a volcano is a volcano, and the forces of nature are merciless. Nature, because she creates, also destroys without compunction, and you are a mighty small factor in her economy. However, you are important to yourself, about the most important thing there is—and if you are like me, you feel a certain hesitancy in trusting yourself around where there is a volcano loose. Because, if the crater were to begin to set up, you could not do anything to stop it. You have three miles of lava between you and the real earth, when you stand on the brink of the Pit, and you could not even get out of the way. It would not do you any good to try.

THE PIT CHANGING.

And so, while you go about from the Pit to Pele's kitchen, and Little Begg, and visit the caves, and even take your heart into your mouth and descend into these, hurrying over the hot places and not loitering particularly over the places that are less hot, and while you are drawn back to the brink of the Pit again and again to look at the fire, which fascinates you, there is a sense of unsafety with it all, not strong enough to make you wish that you had not come, but still ever present. Maybe it adds the charm of the needed spice of danger.

The lava in the floor of the main crater is seamed with large and small cracks, and in places these have been red hot since the present season of activity in the Pit began. There seem, indeed, to be lines of heat that radiate from the Pit across the lava bed, a line running toward the summit of Mauna Loa, another in the direction of the line of craters that go down to the sea through Puna, another toward the smaller adjacent crater called Kilauea-Iki, and still another in a direction opposite to that.

Close to the Pit of Halemaumau which has been increased in size appreciably since the beginning of the present outbreak, for the walls having broken down on every side save one, there is a series of hot cracks that extend all around the Pit and at about an equal distance from it on all sides. This line of cleavage seems to mark the radius of the underflow of lava, and it would not be at all surprising if at any moment there would be a cave in all around the line, or if a surface flow should begin anywhere on the line of the crack.

In fact, the lava within this line is already beginning to break down, as though its support was being withdrawn. I visited the crater every day during six days, and I noticed changes from day to day in the surface of the lava within this heated line. It is one of the peculiarities of Kilauea that part of the lava upon which the visitor stands to watch the volcanic phenomena one day should have vanished on the next.

PIT FILLING UP.

There can be small doubt that the Pit of Halemaumau is filling with lava. That is a thing that has happened to it several times in the past. Of course, having seen the volcano very little, I do not know enough about it to venture a prediction as to what is likely to happen there, but I should say, from present appearances and from what has been told me by those who have seen the crater at its best, that it will be better in a month from now—or, rather, more active, than it is now. And that perhaps the old lake of fire may come back again before the year is out.

Seen in the daytime from the brink of the Pit, the manner of its filling is very apparent. The lava is flowing from two cones, one on either side, and from a place in the wall perhaps a hundred and fifty feet above the floor. One of the cones, strangely enough, seems to give out a dull, red, steady flow, while from the other there comes the peculiar beating that shakes the crater, and with every beat gouts of lava are thrown a hundred feet into the air from the very apex of the cone.

It is the beating of the lava in this cone that gives the effect of the sea of fire, a moaning as of sea waves accompanying the beating, but the whole underflow of the Pit seems liquid, too. Is it possible that there are two sources of lava supply in the Pit, and that the flows come separately? Anything in geology is possible—when a man knows so little of it as I know. The gouts of lava from the spouting cone, and the flows, are red in the



EXTINCT CONES ON THE FLOOR OF THE MAUI CRATER.

Loa had put us up a luncheon before leaving the steamer, and if it had not been for that I think I would have starved to death on the road. For there was no stopping place, where a human being might be fed, after we had passed Pahala, and the breakfast at the Pake place had been supplementary of the steamship breakfast, merely. I had eaten in pure gladness of spirit at being on shore, and had been rewarded by the good coffee as an incident.

Real hunger came later, far up in the Mauna Loa forests, and then the lunch saved my life. Still, until lunch time and long after the road wound upward, and yet higher upward. The forests grew denser, and there were occasional koa trees among the lehua. Also, when we had crossed the first great flow of rough lava, I saw some of the little red ohelo berries beside the road, and jumped down from the box to gather these. Because, they were the first sign that the stage was nearing the Volcano. I suppose that ohelo berries grow elsewhere—but they seem to be associated peculiarly and particularly with the Volcano after you have tasted of the hospitality of George Lycurgus—and Madame Pele.

THE CRATER LIVES.

The first glimpse of the crater of Kilauea is most inspiring. It lies out there in its black bed of tumbled lava, in a sea that is turned to stone, a yawning pit that seems to open into bottomless depths. And up from it curls, now, a lazy wreath of smoke that yet suggests wrath even in its sluggish motion. There is no steam coming from Halemaumau. It is smoke, and angry smoke. But every crack in the plain that lies about the Volcano House is steaming, and there is in the air as you drive along toward the hotel on the Kau road a smell of sulphur that is suggestive of a great many things.

The crater of Kilauea has been described again, and again, and again. It has been written of in all languages, by men of scientific mind who could talk learnedly of geological causes and effects, and by the mere laity who could only tell, in part, what they felt upon seeing it, but whose telling was therefore the more satisfactory, perhaps. It has been painted and photo-

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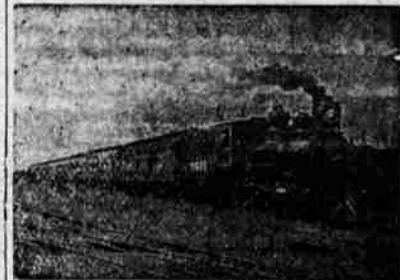
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daytime when they first issue from the cones, but cool and rapidly become black on exposure to the air—and the lava spouted up falls back with a dull plop, like mud. And, as the black flows course across the Pit, there is formed a kind of carpet in dull greys and soft blacks and softer browns that is most beautiful as its patterns change.

HOW TO SEE THE CRATER.

Of course, to see the crater properly, you should make the first trip to it on horseback, and you should have a guide. Alex, who leads all parties down from the Volcano House, is full of the lore of the place. He has been there, it seems, for a great number of years, and has seen Madame Pele in all her moods. Also, he is in love with her and her house. He almost lives in the crater. Literally, I believe, in fact, that he would rather live there. And I know he has petitioned George Lycurgus to let him down on a rope to where the lava is coming out on the floor of the Pit, and has been somewhat hurt and indignant because George would not do it.

"I could go down there," Alex said to me, in a pained tone. "I have asked them to let me. Well, they would not. What can I do?"

I know what I would do, under the circumstances. It is what Alex would do, too, but from different motives. Because George Lycurgus will not let him go down.

After Alex has shown you all that there is to see, in the way of show places, the thing is to go down by yourself, preferably on foot, although you can take a horse and leave it at the corral on the lava if you like, and study the crater, watching the flow and finding out the hot places in the rocks. You cannot get lost, because there are trails everywhere that it is entirely safe to go. Then, when it overcomes you, as it is certain to do in a little while despite its fascination, go back to the Volcano House, take a steam bath heated in the same lava flow that you have been watching, and a long rest before you do down again. And the second visit should be, preferably, at night. If the volcano is going too busy, the flames in the Pit will light the sky as soon as the sun goes down.

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